The Evening World.

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THE TEST THAT TELLS.

"IF THEY have got the goods on McCall he will have to go; if they haven't he won't," declares Gov. Whitman. "I am going to decide this case myself."

Always remembering, we hope, whose case it is.

Always remembering that the real and ultimate complainant is the public of this State and city.

Always remembering that the trust which Mr. McCall has betrayed is in many respects the most important the people of New York ever established for their protection.

When the Public Service Commissions Law went into operation eight years ago there was no shadow of doubt for whose benefit it was to be administered or whose hopes were behind it. It was to enforce upon corporations obligations of "reasonable, impartial and adequate service" toward the public and to conserve public safety and convenience.

To what sort of men were such powers to be delegated? Let us again remind Gov. Whitman, in the words of Gov. Hughes:

> Men owing no allegiance to any special interest, unembarrassed by either financial or political obligation, who will devote themselves with a single purpose to the protection of the rights of the people.

A just and serviceable test. It was conceived in the interest of the public. It was to endure in the interest of the public. In the interest of the public can Gov. Whitman see any present reason to discard or alter it?

If not, there can be but one decision in the case of the Public against Edward E. McCall.

Can a ship full of desperate peacemakers reach port a peace ship?

NEGLECTED BROADWAY.

WHAT has happened to the celebrated asphalt plant maintained by the Borough of Manhattan?

The wretched condition of the pavement on Broadway, between Forty-sixth and Fifty-ninth Streets, to which The Evening World has called attention, is an ugly example of exactly the sort of evil the much heralded borough asphalt producer was guaranteed to remedy. Worn and ragged streets were to be promptly patched and repatched until such time as they could be repaved throughout. Yet this important section of much travelled roadway connecting the busiest centres of the city is full of ruts, holes and jagged cobblestone fillings. It endangers traffic and hurts property owners. In its present state it would disgrace a one-horse town.

We wonder why it is that whenever a gas, telephone or electric light company is allowed—usually at its own convenience—to tear up an asphalted street, a jumble of sagging cobblestones is considered sufficient to cover the refilled excavation for weeks or even months, until the city gets around to relaying the whole roadway? It is the usual thing after a job of street excavating to find the spot marked three weeks later by a ragged hole of sunken cobbles deep enough to break a horse's leg.

Subway digging disrupted miles of streets almost beyond endurance. Why add to the mess by letting other pavements lie for months a ruin of ruts and ragged cobble work?

Will Borough President Marks explain what a municipal asphalt plant is for?

Look before you cross the street is now law. Common sense has been occasionally thus honored.

AMERICAN TOYS FROM JAPAN.

WITH the approach of Christmas there has been no little curiosity as to how much the scarcity of French and German toys would be felt by American shoppers and whether American toy manufacturers have made the most of their opportunities.

One fact seems to be pretty generally reported. Nobody got ahead of the Japanese.

Months ago the toy makers of Japan must have seen their chance. As a result Santa Claus will deliver a surprising number of Japanese playthings to youngsters hereabouts. Japanese, however, only in the sense of being made by Japanese hands. The toys themselves—ships, steamboats, trains, soldiers that shoot at targets, even building blocks—are as "western" and up to date as any that have been found in city shops in recent years. In many cases only the Japanese lettering on box or wrapper suggests the origin of the toy.

Whether it be a twenty thousand ton mail steamship or a jumping jack, the Japanese to-day find out what is wanted and have the article on hand at the critical time and place. They acknowledge they learned business from us. Who says they haven't bettered the instruction?

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

DURING the past few years the efficacy of what is called "creative advertising" has come to be appreciated.

Creative advertising is that which is designed to increase the general consumption of the article advertised with the well-founded desire that a large proportion of the benefit resulting to the trade as a whole will react to the advertiser in particular.

One example of this type of advertising is that of a campaign conducted by a cement manufacturing company. This company's efforts have contributed to the agitation for good roads, which has now attained such impetus. Construction of good roads means increased consumption of cement. And the major portion of this increased consumption naturally reverts to the concern responsible for the agitation.

In 1913 a certain powder company, realizing that the general business depression would greatly curtail the demand for its product, concluded to embark upon a creative campaign for the purpose of extending the use of powder on the farms.

Its campaign involved the liberal use of space in agricultural media, a folder descriptive of an elaborate educational booklet, the booklet itself and various other dealer helps.

The folder was distributed to the farmers by the country dealers, and upon the recipient's filling out and returning the inclosed post card he was entitled to receive the booklet. The latter explained how to use powder for digging ditches, post holes, roads, &c.; blowing up stumps, subsoiling and preparing ground for crops and orchards, &c.

The result was that the powder company's annual sales instead of decreasing, as would have been the case had it not embarked upon this creative campaign, showed a gross increase of $100,000.

"Well! Here's Lookin' at Ye!"

By J. H. Cassel

The Jarr Family

—By Roy L. McCardell—

"I DO believe Mrs. Kittingly is thinking about marrying again," said Mrs. Jarr. "You know her maid left her and she's been getting her meals in restaurants and she told me she's getting awful tired of it, even if she never has to pay for her dinner because she has several gentlemen friends who are doing splendidly in war stocks in Wall Street."

"What's the little blond lady's kick about dining out if the check is paid for by her gentlemen friends overcome by the present boom in Wall Street? The food must be rich and the surroundings pleasant for the little blond lady, eh, what?"

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Jarr, "sometimes Mrs. Kittingly puzzles me. She comes home at all hours in a taxicab. But who am I that I should criticise? She tells me with tears in her eyes that her life has been blighted and the whole world misunderstands her. I know she is talked about, but I do believe she is more sinned against than sinning, as the Bible says."

"I don't remember that the quotation is from the authority you cite," remarked Mr. Jarr. "But be that as it may, I have noticed that all families have a friend or a relative whose moral pulchritude they are compelled to attest. Ours seems to be the little blond lady, Mrs. Kittingly. The Stryvers have a rich uncle who has made his money in cruel quackery, whom they say is a maligned man. John Rangle has an aunt that's a shoplifter, and he declares it is an obsession and the aunt is more to be pitied than censured—especially when she gave some of the more valuable things she stole to his wife, and they had to go to court."

"Well, you can't say that Mrs. Kittingly is anything like those people!"

Mr. Jarr was going to repeat that every family had its pet moral suspect and Mrs. Kittingly was theirs, but tact silenced him, and Mrs. Jarr went on:

"Yes, Mrs. Kittingly says she will either marry again or else go into moving pictures as an actress, because you know she does take a beautiful photograph. And anyway she says that there is no place in the world for a lone woman, depending solely upon her alimony and her conscientiousness—that no matter what the world may say, she knows in her heart that her conduct is beyond reproach."

"That's too bad."

"Why, yes," continued Mrs. Jarr, "Mrs. Kittingly told me, with tears in her eyes, that her alimony is wholly inadequate, because the styles are getting more expensive all the time, and while she hates to give up her independence, she must either marry again or go to work."

"But I thought she had been married several times to fiends in human form and got alimony from several of them?" ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Now, that's just how people exaggerate!" declared Mrs. Jarr. "She's been married only to two brutes that she gets alimony from, she told me so herself. And one of them deceived her grossly by the way he dressed, and he was only a salesman on commission and had no regular income, she told me, and the judge only sentenced him to pay her five dollars a week. Now he is a collector for an instalment furniture house, and it's a small world after all."

"What do you mean, it's a small world after all?" queried Mr. Jarr.

"Why," explained Mrs. Jarr, "he is the collector for the very instalment house Mrs. Kittingly pays five dollars a week to on some of her furniture. So when he calls for his money, she just tells him 'Pay it with my money!' So, as Mrs. Kittingly says, she absolutely never gets a cent from him."

"But she gets the five dollars."

"And I do pity her," continued Mrs. Jarr, "for Mrs. Kittingly told me that she just as well might be married, really, as to put up with the way that this man uses improper nouns when she makes him pay for the instalments with her alimony."

"Improper nouns?" repeated Mr. Jarr.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jarr, "swearing. Mrs. Kittingly says the way he swears would make people believe he was still her husband instead of only a business caller."

Everyday Perplexities

By Andre Dupont

"DID you enjoy that new play you went to last night?" I asked a friend recently.

It was a charming performance. The drama had a well constructed plot, the roles were excellently cast and the stage settings were delightful. And yet," she added with a sigh, "I didn't enjoy it."

"What more can you ask?" I inquired, wondering what made her so unreasonable.

"I would ask to be allowed to listen in peace to what goes on upon the stage and not be driven almost to distraction by people whispering right behind me. There was a man who had evidently seen the play before and he kept telling his companion just what was going to happen next. It so annoyed me I thought I should go crazy. I turned around and glared at him once or twice, but it only made him lower his voice to a hissing whisper that was worse than ever.

"Then just as the first act was well under way and a scene was being enacted that had much to do with the proper understanding of what came after, three people who had seats well in the center of our row came in; and of course everybody had to get up. I dropped my program and my fan and by the time I had found them again I had missed a great deal that was said and so I didn't quite understand a lot of things that came after."

Now, I think this experience of my friend is far from being an exceptional case. It is one that occurs much too frequently. Of course I know that arriving at the theatre after the performance has begun is occasionally an unavoidable mishap, but very frequently it could be avoided just as well as not, and simply arises from thoughtlessness in not starting in time. But while it is often only thoughtlessness that causes us to be late to the theatre, the effect of such actions is very selfish, for it disturbs any number of people—not only those in the row where the seats are, but also everybody sitting behind, by cutting off the view of the stage at what may be some of the most exciting moments of the performance.

Another annoyance that people sometimes perpetrate at the theatre is to pass candy while the actors are on the stage. This always makes a rattle and crackle in getting the pieces out of the box, and too often a munching noise while it is being consumed. If you must eat candy at the play (and it is no longer considered in the best of taste), wait until intermission between the acts and then you can enjoy it without annoying anybody.

Don't talk about the play during the performance. In fact, don't talk at all except between the acts.

Sometimes people are rather puzzled about who shall follow directly after the usher when looking for the seats. The most correct social observance is for the escort to give the seat checks to the usher and then, stepping back, allow the lady to precede him down the aisle and be the first to enter the seat. But if, for any reason, no usher can be found the man goes ahead of his companion and hunts for the seats.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

KISS is something like a cocktail; it always requires a "chaser."

A When a wife asks her husband how much he loves her, at this psychological season, he is apt to thrust his hand in his pocket before answering and consider just how much he can AFFORD to love her.

Feminine styles are ridiculous, of course; but it took men something over a hundred years to discover that a boiled shirt didn't have to be put on over the head, like a mother-hubbard wrapper.

Don't take a man's love for granted, because it never is "granted." It has to be filched from him, when he is off guard, or wrung from him, when he is under hypnotic influence.

"Love" is that psychological condition which makes the half hour before you reach a girl's house seem a lot longer than the five hours you remain there.

One lump of sugar will sweeten a whole can of skimmed milk, and one kiss will sometimes sweeten a girl's whole day.

Where, oh where, is the sweet, old-fashioned husband who expected one good black Sunday coat and one good wife to last him a lifetime?

A woman's idea of a "good photograph" is one that looks like her and Billie Burke and Lillian Russell all at the same time.

The bigger the man the more of him there is for every little two-by-four woman to "baby."

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 80.—THE FALSE GEMS; by Guy de Maupassant.

LANTIN was a clerk in a Paris office on a salary of $700 a year. He had married the orphaned daughter of a poor country doctor. His young wife was very pretty, very charming, very childlike, altogether adorable. And Lantin worshipped her. Their married life was ideally happy.

The wife was a wonderful little housekeeper in spite of her childish ways. She managed Lantin's small salary so cleverly that they lived in better style than did most of their friends who had three times as much income. Not only that, but the wife was able to save a little of her housekeeping money each week to buy trinkets for herself.

For instance, one evening Lantin came home to find her playing with a necklace of big imitation pearls she had bought for $1.75. Another evening she showed him a gorgeous rhinestone ring; again a fake sapphire-and-emerald brooch and then two paste bracelets.

Lantin did not like this. He told her so. He said that false gems were in bad taste and that such a mass of mock jewelry looked ridiculous on a poor man's wife. But she was so childishly delighted with her flashy gewgaws that he did not have the heart to forbid her continuing to buy them.

A Girl's Odd Fad.

On a rainy day the girl-wife caught a heavy cold. Pneumonia set in. A week later she died.

Lantin was heartbroken. He had adored his lively little wife. His grief was piteous. It turned his hair white. All night long he would lie weeping.

But presently he was roused from his transports of sorrow by the fact that he was dead broke. The salary that had enabled his wife and himself to live so comfortably, was no longer enough to pay for Lantin's own support. He was not a good manager. Bills came avalanching down on him.

In desperation he looked about for something to sell. And he thought of his wife's collection of paste jewelry. Surely it must be worth a few dollars. He felt as though he was selling a dead baby's toys.

So by way of a beginning he took the pearl necklace to a jeweller. He thought he might possibly get for it the original $1.75 it had cost.

"What is this worth?" he asked he jeweller.

"From $2,400 to $3,000," answered the man after examining it.

Lantin snatched the necklace from the jeweller's hand and stamped out of the shop, muttering:

"The fool! He is a professional jeweller and yet he can't tell gems from paste!"

He carried the necklace to a famous jeweller in the Rue de la Paix.

"I know that necklace well," said the jeweller. "I sold it for $4,000. It was to be delivered to a Mme. Lantin in the Rue des Martyr. I will take it back for $3,600."

Lantin stared at him a long time in blank silence, then said very slowly:

"I have other gems which I received from the same source. Will you buy them?"

The jeweller assented. In an hour Lantin was back at the shop with the whole collection. For the "rhinestone" solitaire he received $8,000, for the brooch $2,800, for the bracelets $7,000. And so on.

The Price Is Paid.

With $30,000 in his pockets Lantin left the jeweller's. He hailed a cab and drove to his employer's office. There he promptly resigned his job, saying he had just inherited $60,000. To a friend at dinner that night he announced that he had received an $80,000 legacy. Then he went on a spree.

His heartbroken anguish over his wife's death had changed to a calm contempt for her memory.

Six months later Lantin married again. His second wife was a very virtuous woman with a violent temper. She made him very unhappy.

The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER Clara and her baby became lost to me, I seemed again to be without an interest in life.

I had not seen Eric Lucknow for some time. I had not thought much about him while I was busy with Clara and the baby. But now I found myself thinking about him and often wished to see him.

Haskall had told me he would not be at home for dinner. I asked to be allowed to meet him somewhere downtown and dine, but he refused me brusquely. As I sat alone in the darkening afternoon after a dreary day I wished some one would come in. Then as if in answer to my thoughts the telephone rang. Eric Lucknow's voice startled me.

"What are you and Mr. Borroughs going to do this evening?" he asked. "Won't you waive all ceremony and dine with me if you have nothing better to do?"

"I'm very sorry," I told him, "but Mr. Borroughs is not at home—will not be at home until late."

"Then you are alone?"

"Yes."

"Well, little lady, you are not going to stay alone. You are going to take dinner with me at the Manning. I'll be after you in just half an hour."

While I hesitated as to whether I should accept or not he called "Good-by!" and hung up the receiver, so disposing of the matter for me.

Eric was a little late in coming for me, and I paced up and down the drawing room, thinking of the events of the past month. Then I wondered if Haskall would be angry with me for going out. I had left a note for him telling him where I was and with whom. He might come in and wish to join us, I told him. I could not help a feeling of elation in spite of my fears of his disapproval. It would be so good to go out with Eric, so different from the dreary evening I had so dreaded.

I opened the door myself when he rang. I blushed as I thought it was not worth while to let James see him. But I might have saved myself the thought and the trouble. Standing beside him when I opened the door was a lovely woman about fifty years old, whom he introduced as his sister. She had been the reason for the informal invitation, he explained, as she had only arrived that afternoon.

"Do come in," I said, after answering their greetings, not sure that I was pleased that some one else was going to share my evening with Eric, yet relieved to know that now Haskall could have no cause to object to my going.

"No, thank you," Eric replied; "I am late as it is. I waited for Mrs. Barrett (his sister), and as I reserved a table we better go right along."

I made no further objections, and we drove at once to the Manning. The dining room was full, and we were shown to the table Eric had reserved in the furthest corner of the room.

The dinner was delicious. Eric and his sister were charming. I felt that perhaps life was worth living after all. We were sipping our coffee when a couple passing out caught my eye. I had just explained the reason, as he had given it to me, of Haskall's inability to be with us. But surely that looked like Haskall in evening clothes, I thought, as I glimpsed a man rising from a table on the other side of the room. But where had he dressed, and who was with him? I could not see his companion's face, but from her height, her carriage, I was sure it was Madelaine Arnott.

(To Be Continued.)

Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward.

IN the nineteen years of their married life Pop had never varied more than ten minutes, either way, in coming home time—six-thirty. Ma looked at the clock. It registered six-fifty.

There was Delmonico steak for dinner, smothered in fresh mushrooms. The steak was going to get all cooked out and tasteless (at thirty-five a pound, too) and the mushrooms would keep on shrinking and get blacker and tougher than licorice chewing gum.

Ma's thoughts were busy with all the whoop-la things Pop could possibly be doing. Whenever she became worked up to a certain pitch she resorted to the telephone.

"Give me Spring 0091, please," (two minute pause). "Oh, they don't answer. Thank you. I suppose everybody's gone home. Central, give me Riverside 12006. Hello, Abby—say, Abby, I'm SO Worried! It's eight minutes to seven and Milton isn't home yet. Why, Abby, you KNOW he always gets home at half-past."

Ma shrieked at the top of her lungs and let the receiver dangle in mid-air, as she rushed to catch the battered object that tottered over the threshold.

Ma rushed to the transmitter.

"Oh, Abby," she wailed, "it's Milton. He's been in a horrible accident! He hasn't the strength to tell me about it yet. Oh yes, come over if you want to, but I don't know as there's anything you can do."

"How did it happen, darling, oh, how did it happen?" Ma was on her knees before her defaced spouse. "Was there a wreck on the subway? Did you get run over by an automobile? Did you fall down the elevated steps? Did a madman attack you?"

"I got sick of reading all this fake stuff," Pop manipulated his tongue with difficulty. "If it's a $200 car they have the gall to advertise that it's made of 18-karat materials, will go 50,000 miles on a soda cracker and a pint of clam juice, and will help the children when they're teething—same kind of dope as a $6,000 bus. I maintain that that's selling goods under false pretenses—as much of a crime as obtaining goods under false pretenses."

"Yes, yes—go on!" urged Ma.

"So I went up to tell the agent for this new tug at $106.50, f. o. b. Port Jervis, what I thought. But," added Pop, moaning shrilly, "no one told me beforehand that this guy used to be fullback on the Yale team—that Jess Willard wears a mask when he boxes with him—and that he has a pull with the cop on his beat that'll allow him to murder an innocent party and get away with it!

"Nevertheless, I repeat," proclaimed Pop, embracing the first-aid-to-the-injured case, "I repeat that the automobile business is the shell game of to-day!"

And there was no one to say him nay.